

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 998.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## A TICKLISH SUBJECT.

### THOUGHT-READING AND OTHER PHENOMENA.

MOST, if not all of us have from time to time been spell-bound at the recital of a ghost-story. Sometimes the shadowy thing has confronted the belated traveller at midnight on some unfrequented road; sometimes the ghost has been encountered in his legitimate outdoor haunt, the churchyard; but more frequently the so-called apparition has been made acquaintance with in the oak-panelled chamber of some old Baronial mansion.

On various occasions we have related 'ghost-stories' in these pages which, unexplained, might have impressed our readers with the idea that we or the narrators were believers in what, in this connection, is termed the supernatural. But this is not so. We prefer, indeed, rather to relegate even the most extraordinary occurrences to the laws, more or less occult, which govern everything that transpires in the world.

In the olden time, we confess to have been staggered at many of the tales told to us by nurse or maiden aunt; and we confess to a weird sensation still, whenever we hear of some unusual occurrence the reason of which is shrouded in mystery. The sensation, however, if permitted to grow with one's life, cannot be called a healthy one, and ought to be reasoned with and calmed down into pleasurable reassurance by every means at our disposal. Confront the mystery, and ask the why and the wherefore. Why let the 'ghost' come and pass, without an effort to 'lay' it?

In connection with derangement of the brain, we have in former articles shown how the sufferer may see all sorts of things, and imagine all sorts of things; and we have striven to indicate the immediate and necessary connection that exists between the brain and all our actions.

The whole subject is invested with a weird kind of interest because it is not as yet altogether understood. We are as yet only approaching

certain branches of the occult science, if we may so term it, which relates to the 'night-side of nature;' and though some of the skeins have been unravelled, there yet remain others which it is for further advances of philosophy to deal with.

Without going minutely into the records of so-called spiritualism, clairvoyance, and such-like subjects of inquiry and experiment, it is easy to see that a vast amount of trickery and fraud has been connected with them, together with an easy credulity and folly on the part of a certain section of the public. The result of these disclosures has been that those departments of inquiry have been well-nigh forsaken by many earnest and devoted searchers after truth. A not unnatural reaction has set in, and many scientific men of the highest standing have not been slow to condemn wholesale, results derived from systems and practices which could give rise to such scandals. The general public also—though, as a rule, it is too readily duped—does not care individually to submit to that process on an average more than once; and those who have been discovered in deception are fain to shift their quarters frequently, in order to secure a fresh audience and the accompanying harvest of gain.

It will be apparent, however, on consideration, both to scientists and to less highly-trained but intelligent readers, that this custom of rejecting as incredible all unexplained and apparently inexplicable occurrences may be carried too far, and may result in a possible loss in the amount of our acquired knowledge. To condemn *en bloc* all results, however authenticated by observation and experiment, unless they square exactly with our present scientific knowledge of the laws that govern phenomena, is evidently to regard the results of scientific research in the present day as conclusive and final—a finality which is daily negated by fresh discoveries. At the same time, such phenomena as are set forth professedly with the view of modifying or correcting old or current opinions regarding the spiritual or psychical side of our nature, must be presented,

so to speak, in broad daylight, without trickery or suspicious manœuvring of any kind—must indeed rest on a basis of well-authenticated and unimpeachable evidence. The nature of the evidence hitherto advanced has, as a rule, repelled inquiry on the part of honest seekers, for these have felt that at any moment they might discover themselves to have been the dupes and playthings of artful and designing impostors.

In this state of matters, it is of interest to learn that a movement is now afoot for the investigation of phenomena, psychical, mesmeric, and spiritualistic, by men of scientific ability and standing. The inquirers are not formally pledged to any theories regarding the phenomena to be investigated. It is intended that those who are sceptical should unite with those who are firm believers in the phenomena in question; and that their researches should be conducted with an unbiassed view to their explanation, by evidence and personal observation; and to gather from these collated facts, thus established and confirmed, conclusions—if any—which may be warranted in regard to them, and to ascertain whether any practical results can be deduced therefrom.

'The Society for Psychical Research,' as this new organisation is called, has its work before it; and already—constituted in February 1882—the outline of its operations is before the public in the shape of the *Proceedings of the Society*, published in London by Messrs Trübner. The pamphlet contains an opening address by the President, Henry Sidgwick, Esq., and papers by Professors Balfour Stewart and Barrett. The following is a list of the subjects intrusted to special Committees: '(1) An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, apart from any generally recognised mode of perception. (2) The study of hypnotism and the forms of so-called mesmeric trance, with its alleged insensibility to pain; clairvoyance and other allied phenomena. (3) A critical revision of Reichenbach's researches with certain organisations called "sensitive," and an inquiry whether such organisations possess any power of perception beyond a highly exalted sensibility of the recognised sensory organs. (4) A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, regarding apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise; or regarding disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted. (5) An inquiry into the various physical phenomena commonly called spiritualistic, with an attempt to discover their causes and general laws. (6) The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.'

This is comprehensive enough; and—with the instinctive reservation, that, personally, we would rather not serve on the 'Committee on Apparitions and Haunted Houses'—we think the

programme embraces many interesting lines of inquiry. Mr Sidgwick's Presidential Address is candid and thoughtful in tone; and in the course of it, referring to what the members have most to guard against—namely, fraud—he said: 'I think that even educated and scientific spiritualists were not quite prepared for the amount of fraud which has recently come to light, nor for the obstinacy with which the mediums against whom fraud has been proved have been afterwards defended, and have in fact been able to go on with what I may, without offence, call their trade, after exposure no less than before.' With such experience in the past, the members will require to exercise especial caution, as the very prominence of the Society as a body will be a temptation to a certain class of impostors to exercise their perverted ingenuity upon it.

The *Proceedings* embrace among other things a conjoint Report on 'Thought-reading,' submitted by W. F. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland; Edmund Gurney, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and F. W. H. Myers, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Report is one on which we would not wish to express a hasty opinion; we can only remark that it will afford some interesting reading to those desirous of investigating the subject. Professor Balfour Stewart, of Owens College, Manchester, in commenting on the Report, says that the facts therein narrated have been put in such a manner, that 'the only possible way of disputing the evidence is by hinting at the untrustworthiness of those gentlemen who have given it, and consequently their efforts must be regarded as successful.' This is an honest statement of the Professor's opinion, but is a conclusion which we hope is not to be taken as significant of the quality of reasoning-power that this young Society is to develop. Because we believe that the reporters are trustworthy, we are not necessarily to accept their facts as indisputable. We may not disbelieve their word; but we may doubt the accuracy of their impressions. They may be far from wishing to deceive us; but they may be themselves deceived.

Thought-reading—known also by the name of 'Will-impression'—is not wholly a new thing. The evidence printed in this Report is, briefly speaking, an instalment of evidence towards an answer to the question with which it commences: 'Is there, or is there not, any existing or attainable evidence that can stand fair physiological criticism, to support a belief that a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another mind without the intervening help of the recognised organs of sensation? And if such evidence be found, is the impression derived from a rare or partially developed, and hitherto unrecognised sensory organ, or has the mental percept been evoked without any antecedent sense-percept?'

The reporters class their experiments, carried over several years, as follows—also in their own words: (1) Where some action is performed, the hands of the operator being in gentle contact with the subject of the experiment. (2) Where a similar result is obtained with the hands *not* in contact. (3) Where a number, name, word, or card has been guessed and expressed in speech or writing, without contact, and apparently without the possibility of the transmission of the idea by the ordinary channels of sensation. (4) Where similar thoughts have simultaneously occurred, or impressions have been made, in minds far apart.

The first division corresponds to 'the willing-game' described by Dr Carpenter, who apparently does not believe in any further extension of thought-reading. 'Several persons,' says Carpenter, 'being assembled, one of them leaves the room, and during his absence some object is hidden. On the absentee's re-entrance, two persons who know the hiding-place stand, one on each side of him, and establish some personal contact with him, one method being to place one finger on the shoulder, while another is to place a hand on his body. He walks about the room between the two "willers," and generally succeeds before long in finding the hidden object, being led towards it, as careful observation and experiment have fully proved, by the involuntary muscular action of his unconscious guides, one or the other of them pressing more heavily when the object is on his side, and the finder as involuntarily turning towards that side.'

The experiments which follow in the Report were made under the inspection of Professor Barrett, Mr Gurney, and Mr Myers. The majority of the trials published in this Report were conducted in the family of a clergyman, whose five girls, ages ranging from ten to sixteen, were in the habit of carrying out along with him such experiments in the family circle.

It would be beyond our space to thoroughly follow the course of investigation pursued by the Committee. Suffice it to say that the results in the way of accurate guessing (No. 3), as observed and carefully noted at the time, are curious. In most trials, cards were employed; in others, letters of the alphabet, numbers, and also *fictitious names*—all agreed upon silently by the company, and determined by the guesser on his or her return from an adjoining room. These trials throughout were without contact, and no remarks passed between the company and the guesser.

The results of these trials were various. In the hiding of articles, the guesser, when readmitted to the room, was right in one case out of four. In giving the names of familiar objects thought upon, the trial was successful in six cases out of fourteen; in the choosing of a card out of a pack, six cases out of thirteen; in holding small objects in the hand, five cases out of six; and the names of persons thought of or written down were given correctly in five cases out of ten. We cannot help noticing in this connection that in the cases of names not correctly

guessed, the 'thought-reader' had the initials very often accurate, but the rest of the name wrong. 'Jacob Williams,' for instance, was given as 'Jacob Wild;' 'Emily Walker' as 'Enry Walker;' 'Martha Billings' as 'Martha Biggis;' 'Catherine Smith' as 'Catherine Shand;' 'Amy Frogmore' as 'Amy Freemore;' 'Albert Snelgrove' as 'Albert Singrore;' and so on. Without of course wishing to impute anything improper, we may say that this strikes us as, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence, and suggests the possibility of some mute lip-movement taking place unconsciously among those witnessing, or even on the part of those making, the experiments. Why not blindfold the guesser? And why should the object or name be known to the company generally?

Thought-reading experiments, however, form only one section of the Society's operations. Among others, we may mention the investigation of those numerous instances in which premonitions of accidents and fatalities, simultaneous impressions on minds at a distance from each other, &c., have been apparently fulfilled in a very startling manner. It should be mentioned that the Society freely invites accounts of such occurrences, properly vouched for, and observes privacy in regard to them when so requested. It further intimates that letters relating to particular classes of phenomena should be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries of the respective Committees, as follows: (1) Committee on Thought-reading: Hon. Sec. Professor W. F. Barrett, 18 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin. (2) Committee on Mesmerism: Hon. Sec. Dr Wyld, 12 Great Cumberland Place, London, W. (3) Committee on Reichenbach's Experiments: Hon. Sec. Walter H. Coffin, Esq., Junior Athenæum Club, London, W. (4) Committee on Apparitions, Haunted Houses, &c.: Hon. Sec. Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., 31 Queen Anne Street, London, W. (5) Committee on Physical Phenomena: Hon. Sec. Dr C. Lockhart Robertson, Hamam Chambers, 76 Jermyn Street, S.W. (6) Literary Committee: Hon. Secs. Edmund Gurney, Esq., 26 Montpelier Square, S.W.; Frederic W. H. Myers, Esq., Leckhampton, Cambridge.

Looking at the objects of the Society for Psychical Research as a whole, we think it deserves encouragement from candid thinkers. Should imposture, or attempts at imposture, be detected, a good purpose will have been served in the interests of society. Should no verifiable results attend its labours—and we suppose the Society is prepared for this possibility—the questions under consideration will remain as they were. Should facts, however, of undisputed and indisputable reality remain, it is possible that out of them the groundwork of an advance in our scientific knowledge may be constructed. In every way the end is good.

The chief defect of the Society as an organisation for research is, in our opinion, that it savours too much of one that has been primarily self-elected, though any one apparently may now join the Society who is willing to pay the annual subscription. Had such a body as the Royal Society, for instance, selected a score or so of scientists and philosophers—and even professed conjurers, experienced in the detection of fraud, and themselves able to do even more than 'spiritualists'—to make these investigations, we do not say it

would have produced a Committee more earnest-minded and upright than the present, but we might have had one more heterogeneous in opinion and less likely to work in a groove.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER VI.—BACHELOR QUARTERS.

SIR PAGAN, as with hesitating steps he recrossed his cramped entrance-hall, and even as he laid a reluctant grasp upon the handle of his dining-room door, pondered—for him at least, to whom continuous thinking was an irksome labour, to be shirked if practicable—deeply enough. His was by no means an enviable frame of mind. His own cares, his own thinly gilded mediocrity of means, occupied him quite sufficiently, without his having to burden himself with the additional load of another's troubles. As he muttered beneath his breath, it was 'handicapping a man a stone above his proper weight.' And he really did feel as if Fortune had dealt with him unfairly in this matter. Between himself and his sisters there had been naturally little sympathy. His habits were not as theirs. He had been so seldom in their company, as to be counted almost a stranger; and when with them, the conversation had been curt and scant and the reverse of confidential. It is wonderful, in country-house life, how very little brothers and sisters are thrown together when there is a difference in age and a divergence as to tastes. Seldom did the strong, swarthy lad, whose idle half-hours were spent in the stable-yard or in sweet converse with the tough, rat-eyed old game-keeper Dick Springe, address a word beyond some careless greeting to the timid girls who were his nearest kindred. He was still more inattentive as they grew up to womanhood, and had begun to visit at great English country mansions, the wealthy owners of some of which were proud to claim cousinship with the impetuous, immemorial family of far-off Devonshire.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that Clare had been wooed and won by the Marquis of Leominster; and it had been thought fit that the long-descended bride should be married from the old house of Carew, where her forefathers had dwelt in splendour. What that sumptuous wedding ceremony had cost old Sir Fulford Carew, Sir Pagan still, in recollection, groaned over. For the old baronet had died shortly after the marriage; and when his son, now Sir Pagan, who had been on the continent for some years—perhaps self-exiled for retrenchment's sake—was suddenly recalled home, it was not only to succeed to the estates and honours of his father, but to his debts as well. No small portion of these debts had been accumulated on the head of that sumptuous wedding; and even at the moment when we introduce Sir Pagan to the reader, part of these bridal festivities

remained unpaid. There were London milliners, pastrycooks, decorative upholsterers, in fact tradesmen of every caste, who still plied the broken-down baronet with periodical dunning letters on the subject of unpaid accounts and balances uncleared. But, as to the festival itself, the late Sir Fulford had done his best; and for a week or two the tumble-down old mansion of Carew had been radiant in the brief sunshine of a mock prosperity. There had been the traditional merry-making—the oxen roasted whole, the dancing on the green—a clumsy, sheep-faced performance on the part of washed and self-conscious rustics, gamboling, in their Sunday church-going clothes, before the eyes of the quality—the fireworks, the triumphal arches, the alecasks set abroad, the flower-strewn paths for bridal feet to tread, the triple bob majors clanging from the bells of spire and turret, that had furnished two columns and a half of florid, jocular, enthusiastic eloquence to *Devonshire Herald*, *Exeter Express*, and *Western Times*.

Sir Pagan Carew really did feel himself an ill-used fellow. There was his sister Clare, reared like himself in shifty and pretentious poverty, but who by rare good luck had made a magnificent marriage. She was a widow now, poor thing, but very rich, very young, more than pretty. She was in a position to afford her sister Cora advantages which few good-looking girls, born to no heritage beyond a pedigree dating from the Druids, are likely to possess. And that was about all. 'The girls'—such had been Sir Pagan's muttered soliloquy many a time—'have all the luck.' He himself had had very little luck. And now there was some mystery, some dispute, some life-and-death struggle, between these sisters, of whom he always retained, in that muddled memory of his, a vague but kindly remembrance. Such a quarrel implied tears, wordy talk, scenes, partisanship; and Sir Pagan was English and undramatic to the backbone. It was not with the best of grace that he opened the door; but still he could not shut out a pleading sister. At the sound of his heavy tread, she started from her crouching attitude, and turned her face, on which the tear-stains glistened, towards him as he entered.

'If you will not quite believe me, will you at least take care of me, Pagan?' she said, wearily but beseechingly.

'Of course I will,' answered the baronet, much relieved. 'Never doubt me! I'll send Mrs Tucker. She'll make you comfortable, and get your rooms ready; and you must try to put up with bachelor quarters, and a seedy, shabby, old town-house. This is not exactly what I might call a home. I never go into a room except this and where I sleep, and the study where the whips and sticks are. And I'm not much in the house—scarcely dined in it twice this twelvemonth. That reminds me that I'm expected now to dine with a party of



men at our Club, the Chesterfield; and, by Jove! I am late already, and must go.—There, there; don't cry—poor Cora—Clare— Well, well! We'll have another chat when you have rested; not to-night, though, for you are tired, and I shall be late.—Good-night! I'll send Tucker.' And the baronet made his escape.

He was as good as his word; and Mrs Tucker the housekeeper, having hastily arrayed herself in her robe of state—composed of stiff black silk, with metallic creases in its folds, and with a ghostly rustling about its sweeping draperies—came to tap softly at the door. She had a crumpled countenance, had this Dame Tucker, as though the many lines in her old face needed to have been ironed out by some experienced clear-starcher; and her age was as indefinite as that of the shiny gown which, having been worn on high-days and holidays for who knows how long, had just been snatched from its retirement in the recesses of a lavender-scented chest.

The old housekeeper made her way to where the new arrival, in her mourning garb, sat, with drooping head and disordered hair. She was as kindly and as deferential as her old and warped nature would permit. 'Beg your pardon, miss—my lady—but your ladyship must be tired after such a journey, and I have Sir Pagan's orders to— O my darling, my dear young lady, don't be so wretched, at your first coming back—home!' For the new-comer—some of those hidden springs that lurk deep down in the nature of us all, being touched, somehow, by the old servant's babble—began to sob wildly, passionately, as though her heart would indeed break. 'O deary, deary, won't you trust old Tucker?' exclaimed the housekeeper, tears unwonted at her time of life moistening her wrinkled eyes, as she looked down upon her young charge in that abasement of sore distress.

Now, with all Mrs Tucker's kindliness, one thing was lacking, and that one thing was the very pith and essence of her dealings with one another—confidence. Sir Pagan had told the housekeeper very little; but her quick imagination, stimulated by the love of wonders and of mystery, which she shared with all her tribe, had suggested more. Either Clare Carew, shamefully wronged, or Cora Carew, baffled in an audacious effort at imposture, was a visitor beneath her master's roof. In either case, there had been a fraud, and there was a breach of the bonds of sisterhood. What a grand match it had been! And how proud, with an unselfish pride, had been the long-suffering servitors of the bankrupt Devon baronet. Mrs Tucker herself, how had she bragged to London butchers, angry and unpaid; how had she conciliated rebellious grocers; and overcrowded upper servants of solvent but untitled families, on the strength of that great marriage of Miss Clare's. It may be that Sir Pagan's modest household had obtained a meagre amount of extra credit through the reflected lustre of this alliance. It is certainly the duty of no bridegroom—not even of a rich Marquis—to settle his brother-in-law's bills; but yet there had grown up a hazy notion

that the impoverished baronet would somehow be set on his feet again by the distinguished husband of his beautiful young sister.

But Tucker only knew that something was wrong, and had not the slightest idea to which side the balance of Justice should incline. There was, somewhere, heartless greed and unblushing effrontery of self-assertion. But it was difficult for poor Mrs Tucker, even after her long experience of the ways of gentlefolks, to distinguish between brazen guilt and stricken innocence. Her own class would have behaved so differently! She could neither have dealt nor sustained the wrong without hysterics, eager reiteration, voluble wrath, and vehement appeals to earth and heaven. This calm, shrinking sorrow was to her an enigma.

'If I might show you—your ladyship—your rooms—and it so late, and nothing ready!' exclaimed Mrs Tucker, thankful to leave the battlefield of disputed identity and take refuge in safe generalities. 'It hasn't been kept up, this house, as ought to be,' added the worthy woman apologetically; 'none but them careless London care-takers to look to it; and shutters up, and the moth getting into cushions and curtains till they might walk alive. Sir Pagan, to be sure—but he's an out-of-door gentleman—well, miss, there is the morning-room, that was, I am told, My Lady your mother's; and then I was thinking of the pretty blue room close by for a sleeping apartment. The drawing-rooms, front and back, they're all to ruin with neglect and damp and moth and mildew. But the morning-room—I told Jenny the maid to get a fire alight, and another in your room, miss—unless your ladyship has other commands to give.'

'Thank you!' That was all the girl said, as she rose, wearily and almost mechanically, from her chair. Her sad blue eyes half unconsciously avoided meeting the gaze of those restless hazel ones which belonged to Mrs Tucker. She went up-stairs 'like a lamb,' as the housekeeper afterwards said, but perhaps as wearily as a tired lamb goes, uncomplaining, through the last sad stages of its journey to the shambles. Whichever she might be, whether scheming Cora or ill-used Clare, the plotter or the victim, assuredly she did not do the best for her young self that might have been done. With very little trouble, she might have gained the hearty loyalty of all her brother's household—might have made sincere partisans of every one of them, from the dignified housekeeper to the humble helper in the stables round the corner of the adjacent mews. But she did no such thing; and when the hour of repose arrived, the verdict of the domestic *Vehmgericht* that sits in judgment on us all was still, like that of a Scottish jury in doubtful but suspicious cases, 'Not proven!'

Very meekly did Sir Pagan's lonely sister accept the services of her brother's housekeeper; the hot tea, that she was glad of; the supper, that she scarcely tasted; the crackling fire, grateful in the chill of a foggy London evening; the closed curtains, the neatly arranged rooms. When at length her head was on the pillow, she could not sleep for long, long hours; not until Sir Pagan himself, with flushed cheeks and tread unusually careful as he mounted the stairs, had come back

from his dinner and his card-play. And when at last she sank into slumber, more than once her sleeping lips murmured softly: 'Ill-fated voyage—unlucky—oh, how I wish'—

## A B E D.

LADY BETTY GERMAIN scolded Swift for finding fault with her friend the Duchess of Dorset for the bad example she set the sex in Dublin, saying: 'If she sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely out of great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are; and I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London but mine where the early idle come.' Lively Lady Betty evidently saw no impropriety in receiving visitors at her toilet; and probably laughed heartily at Addison's condemnation of the lady of fashion who received gentlemen callers while still between the sheets, and, 'though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for their reception. Her hair appeared in very nice disorder, as the nightgown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care.'

This carefully got-up dame thought herself well worth looking at, which was more than Madame de Maintenon did when she gave audience to Peter the Great in her little room at St-Cyr, for she writes: 'The Czar came after seven in the evening. He sat down by the head of the bed, and asked me if I was ill. I answered: "Yes." He inquired what my malady was. I replied: "Extreme old age." He seemed to be at a loss to answer. His visit was brief. He drew the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me; you may be sure he was soon satisfied.'

Assuredly, the ladies of Queen Anne's time could cite plenty of precedents for turning tiring-rooms and bedrooms into reception chambers. 'Tell your sweet babe Charles,' wrote Buckingham to King James, 'I will wait at your bed before many hours pass, and by the grace of God, be at the death of a stag with you.' Had Steenie delayed waiting on his dear dad and gossip until much later in the day, he might have had to seek him in the same place, it being his Majesty's custom to go to bed in the afternoon. The king's mother, Queen Mary, at one period of her life, stayed in bed for days together, chatting with her ladies, discussing business matters with her councillors, or receiving ambassadors, as inclination prompted, or circumstances required. Anne of Austria always received company of a morning, and often of an evening too, in bed. The custom, however, had its inconveniences. When the Marchioness de Senecey returned from exile, so many persons visited her, that her elbows were galled by long leaning upon them, as she sat in bed, giving and receiving salutations. Pepys very emphatically expresses his disgust with the late rising of the court; but that indefatigable gentleman himself kept unconscionably early hours, thinking nothing of being out and about by moonshine, making calls upon lazier folk, who,

like Sir Philip Howard, received their disturber 'very civilly in bed;' or, like Sir William Coventry, and that pretty subtle man Lord Bellasis, discoursed of official matters; while my Lord Sandwich would talk with him on state affairs for a couple of hours together in his nightgown and shirt. That gallant commander, whether on land or at sea, was used to sign official papers without rising from his bed.

A Spanish minister signalled his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there, lest he should be expected to do something. No English minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties; but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the gout, and, as was his custom when so afflicted, lay under a pile of bed-clothes in a fireless room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed, as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it as he grew colder, and at length fairly lodged himself under the bed-clothes. Somebody coming in suddenly, beheld 'the two ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene.' The Great Commoner was abed and asleep when Wyndham and others of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumbers to tell him there was mutiny in the fleet, that the Admiral was a prisoner on board his own ship, and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote: 'If the Admiral is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries;' turned over on his pillow, and was asleep again before his disturbers were well out of the room.

The shadow of death was upon Fox when George Jackson came for instructions before setting out for Germany, and followed so quickly on the heels of the servant announcing him, that Mrs Fox had only time to slip from her husband's side and take refuge in a closet. The interview proved longer than she expected or desired; and finding her signals of distress, in the shape of sundry little coughs, all unheeded, the prisoned lady had no resource but to tap on the closet panels and ask if the young gentleman was going, as she was perishing with cold. Looking at him with a smile, Fox bade Jackson farewell for ever, and released his shivering wife from her unpleasant situation.

When, in 1814, the military affairs of the allies looked somewhat unpromising, it was around the bed of General Knesbech, at Bars-sur-Aube, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the king of Prussia, Hardenberg, Volkonsky, Schwartzberg, Metternich, Radetsky, Diebitsch, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh held their council of war; and the issue of the campaign culminating in the occupation of Paris was virtually decided by Castlereagh insisting upon the immediate transference of wavering Bernadotte's battalions to Blücher's command, and taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders. It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that Wellington received the terrible casualty-list of the memorable 18th of June; and as name after name fell from Dr Hume's lips,

threw himself back on the pillow and groaned out: 'What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?' Wellington, who possessed the faculty of sleeping at will, held that when it was time to turn, it was time to turn out. Napoleon, a man of another temperament, provided for wakefulness by keeping the returns of his army under his pillow, to be conned and considered when tired nature's sweet restorer refused to share his 'bed majestic.' With some men, the mind will be busy out of proper working-hours. It is not only your

Watchers and weepers  
Who turn and turn, and turn again,  
But turn and turn, and turn in vain,  
With an anxious brain,  
And thoughts in a train,  
That does not run upon sleepers.

There is no telling for how much of its literary wealth the world stands indebted to the quietude of the bedchamber. Shakspeare avers his imagination would not let him slumber when he should.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.

And we may be sure the poet did not waste the sessions of sweet silent thought upon the remembrance of things past. Deriding the wretched poetaster, who, high in Drury Lane, lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, rhymed ere he woke, Pope boasts that he could sleep without a poem in his head; yet, elsewhere confesses,

I wake at night,  
Fools come into my head, and so I write.

When ancient heroes, instead of modern fools, were his theme, he was in the habit of composing forty or fifty verses of a morning, before rising from his bed. Gray's *Ode to Music* was born beneath the sheets. He had volunteered to write it for the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the ground that Gratitude should not sit silent, and leave Expectation to sing; but was in no hurry to set about the self-imposed task. One morning, after breakfast, Mr Nicholls, calling upon Gray, roused him by knocking so loudly at his room door, that the startled poet, jumping out of bed, threw open the door, and hailed the visitor with: 'Hence, avant; 'tis holy ground!' Nicholls was inclined to think Gray had taken leave of his senses, until the latter set his mind at ease by repeating several verses quite new to him; and the recitation ended, saying: 'Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it.'

One of the best known lines in English poetry came into its author's head when he was actually asleep. While visiting at Minto, Campbell one evening went to bed early, his thoughts full of a new poem. About two in the morning he suddenly wakened, repeating, 'Events to come cast their shadows before.' Ringing the bell sharply, a servant obeyed the summons, to find the summoner with one foot in bed and one on the floor. 'Are you ill, sir?' inquired he.—'Ill!' cried Campbell. 'Never better in my life.

Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea.' Seizing his pen, he set down the happy thought, changing 'events to come' into 'coming events;' and over the non-inebriating cup completed the first draft of *Lochiel's Warning*. Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus* came into his mind as he was smoking his pipe, the night after a violent storm. He went to bed, but could not sleep; the *Hesperus* would not be denied; and as he lay, the verses flowed on without let or hindrance until the poem was completed. Wordsworth used to go to bed on returning from his morning walk, and while breakfasting there, dictate the lines he had put together on the march.

One of Johnson's earliest ventures in book-making was the translating of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, which put five guineas into his pocket. Lying in bed, he dictated sheet after sheet to his friend Hector, who carried them off to the printer without staying for Johnson to peruse them. When the fit was on him, Rousseau remained in bed, carefully drawing his curtains to keep out the daylight, and gave himself up to the delights of composition. Scores of pieces great and small, hundreds of letters grave and gay, came from Voltaire's bed at Ferney. In bed, Paesello composed his *Barbiere di Seviglia* and *La Molinara*. One at least of Rossini's operas was composed under the same conditions. It was in the days when he was young, poor, and unknown, and lived in wretched quarters. After writing a duet, the manuscript slipped off the sheets and found a resting-place under the bed. Rossini was too warm and comfortable to get out of bed to recover it, and moreover believed it would be unlucky to pick it up, so went to work to rewrite it. To his disgust, he could not remember it sufficiently, so he set about writing a new one, and had just finished when a friend came into the room. 'Try that over,' said he, 'and tell me what you think of it.' The piece was pronounced to be very good. 'Now,' said Rossini, 'put your hand under the bed; you'll find another duet there; try that.' His instructions were obeyed, and the original composition declared much the better of the two. Then they sang both over, Rossini in bed, his friend sitting on its edge, and arrived at the same conclusion. 'What will you do with the worst one?' asked the visitor. 'Oh, I shall turn that into a terzetto,' answered Rossini; and he did.

Swift, fond as he was of lying in bed of a morning thinking of wit for the day, wrote to his friend Sheridan: 'Pray, do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer.' Better, perhaps, do that than imitate George IV., and lie in bed devouring newspapers the best part of the day. Many very clever people, however, have scouted the idea of health, wealth, and wisdom coming of early rising. Macaulay read much in bed, and anxious to keep up his German, imposed upon himself the task of perusing twenty pages of Schiller every day before getting up. Maule won his senior-wranglership by studying hard, long after ordinary folk were up and about, cosily ensconced under the blankets. John Foster thought his sermons out in bed; methodical Anthony Trollope regularly read for an hour before rising; and Mary Somerville made it a

rule not to get up before twelve or one, although she began work at eight; reading, writing, and calculating hard—with her pet sparrow resting upon her arm—four or five hours every day, but those four or five hours were spent abed.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

### CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK had passed since the memorable interview between Frobisher and Mr Pebworth, without being productive of any event worth recording here. No other will of the late Mr Askew had yet come to light; and Pebworth, whose imagination had been so unduly inflamed at first, was not merely becoming more anxious at each day's delay, but was evidently not without suspicion that he was being made the victim of some deception, the drift of which he could not fathom.

Frobisher, too, was beginning to tire of the part he was playing, and was considering within himself how most effectively to bring his little comedy to a climax, never dreaming that that very afternoon it would be brought to a climax for him in a mode totally unexpected by himself and every one concerned.

That day a little party from Waylands had decided upon a picnic in Pilberry Wood; and to Pilberry Wood they had accordingly come. Luncheon was now over; and Miss Deene, who had volunteered for the post—all the others having strolled away out of sight—had been left to look after the forks, china, and other et-ceteras, till the servants should arrive, some half-hour later, and relieve her.

It was somewhat singular that Mr Frank Frobisher, who had pleaded letters to write as an excuse for not coming with the others, should have found his way on foot to the glade within a few minutes of the time Miss Deene was left alone; and it was still more singular that that young lady should have betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. He at once began to assist her in the self-imposed duties of packing forks and knives, and folding tablecloths.

'That won't do at all,' said Miss Deene. 'Your corners are not even. Try again.—That's better. A little scolding does you good, you see.'

'That altogether depends upon who the person is that scolds me,' replied her companion.

'How do you like a picnic without the nuisance of servants?'

'That also depends. In the present case it is very jolly; and I wouldn't mind being head-waiter and bottle-washer-in-chief at all the picnics of the season, provided I could always have a certain young person for my assistant.'

'And I could go on folding tablecloths for ever, if I could always have you to help me.—Dick, dear, what was it that first attracted you to poor insignificant me?'

'Don't know. Couldn't help myself, I suppose. With me it was a case of spoons at first sight.'

'And with me also.'

'I had not been five minutes in your company before I felt that my time was come.'

'My own feeling exactly.'

'All which goes to prove that we are made for each other.'

'Any one who dared to say we are not, would be a wicked story-teller.'

'This may be your last picnic, Elma. Are you not sorry?'

'Why should I be sorry when I am going to have a home of my own?'

'A home of your own—yes—but what a home!'

'It won't be too small, Dick, for Happiness to dwell there.'

Miss Deene's delightful *tête-à-tête* with her sweetheart was destined not to be of long duration. She and Frank were stooping over an open hamper with their heads in close proximity, when they were startled by the appearance of Mrs Pebworth, escorted by Dick Drummond with a shawl over his arm.

'Come along, aunt,' said Dick. 'Better late than never. But why didn't you come in the drag?'

'It was the jellies this time that kept me. That new cook of yours doesn't seem to know how to manage them. But when I heard there was a return fly going back to the village, I thought I would follow you.'

'I'm very glad you have come,' said Frank heartily.

'And so am I,' responded Elma.—'Here's a nice mossy old bank for you to sit on, aunt. It's the best seat we can offer you.'

'It's quite good enough for me, my dear,' Dick spread down a shawl, and Mrs Pebworth seated herself and loosened her bonnet-strings.

'Bless me, what a colour the girl has got!' she added a moment or two afterwards, with her eyes bent on Elma. 'When I was young, if a girl had a colour like that, people used to say that her sweetheart had been kissing her.'

Miss Deene's cheeks took a still deeper tint. She turned away, and pretended to be looking for something in the hamper. 'The practice you speak of, aunt,' she said, 'is obsolete now—a-days—at least in society. It went out with coal-scuttle bonnets, short skirts, and sandals.'

'Go along with you! Kissing is one of them things that never go out of fashion. It comes as natural to young folks as the measles or the whooping-cough, and it's just as catching.'

Frobisher came to the rescue. 'Mrs Pebworth,' he said, 'as head-waiter of this establishment, what shall I have the pleasure of offering you? What do you say to a slice of Strasbourg pie and a glass of dry sherry?'

'Thank you, Mr Drummond, but I had my dinner long ago. You would call it luncheon, but I call it dinner. When Algernon and me were first married, we used to have dinner regular at one o'clock to the minute; and I like my dinner at that hour now.'

'But you will take a little refreshment of some kind?'

'Well, if I must, I should like about half a glass of bottled stout. It's both meat and drink, as one may say.' Then turning to Dick, she added: 'I always like a drop of stout of a morning about eleven, or else I feel sinking and no-how all day.'

'Fine institution, stout at eleven. Always go in for it myself,' responded Dick.



'But where's the rest of the party—Algernon and Clunie and the others?'

'Gone in search of the picturesque. Be back before long.'

'As if any of them cared twopence about the picturesque!' Then turning to Frank and Elma, she asked: 'But why haven't you two gone to look for the picturesque?'

'If you please, aunt, this person is the waiter, and I am his assistant,' answered Elma demurely.

Mrs Pebworth shook her head. 'Take care he doesn't press you to become his partner,' she said.

'I have already,' said Frobisher gravely, 'asked Miss Deene to accept of that position.'—

'The liabilities being exceedingly limited, and the assets uncommonly small,' interposed Dick.

Mrs Pebworth was startled. 'Is that true, Elma, dear?' she asked, with a little quaver in her voice.

'Ye-es. Mr Drummond has asked me to set up in business with him.'

'And you have said?'

'I haven't said No.'

'Come and kiss me, child. You have made me very happy.'

Elma kissed her—more than once; and Mrs Pebworth cried a little, as was but natural under the circumstances.

'May I ask you, Mrs Pebworth, to kindly keep this little affair secret for a few days?' said Frobisher.

'I'll keep it secret as long as you like; but whatever Algernon will say when he comes to hear of it, I for one don't know.'

'We are prepared for the worst—we have made up our minds to rough it.'

'Yes, aunt—to bid a long farewell to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' put in Elma.

'I like to hear you say that. I like to see two young people who love each other so well that a little poverty doesn't frighten them,' said Mrs Pebworth heartily.

'And now Nephew Frank,' she added, turning to Drummond, 'suppose you and I go in search of the picturesque?'

'With all my heart, aunt; I am quite at your service,' answered Dick.

'They will like to be left to themselves a bit,' said Mrs Pebworth in a stage-whisper. 'Most young people do at such times.'

'Soon tire of that after marriage,' responded worldly-wise Richard. With that he offered Mrs Pebworth his arm, and they strolled off down one of the pathways between the trees.

Miss Deene produced her embroidery and sat down on the same mossy bank formerly occupied by her aunt. Frank flung himself on the turf at her feet.

'I wish all the rest of the world would lose themselves in a wood and not be found for ever so long,' remarked Elma.

'So do I with all my heart.'

'Mr Dempsey is going to propose to me to-day—I know he is.'

'The deuce he is! But how do you know?'

'I've a presentiment which tells me that he is. You won't be jealous, will you?'

'I? Not a bit jealous—of Mr Dempsey.'

'He is very rich.'

'He is very old and very ugly.'

'So much the better. Young and handsome husbands are as plentiful as blackberries—but a dear, cross-grained, snuffy old darling! And one need never be jealous of him.'

'Mr Dempsey goes a long way towards fulfilling your requirements.'

'Yes; but I shall be obliged to refuse him.'

'Why?'

'Because I have promised myself to you.—Heigh-ho.'

'Why do you sigh, Miss Deene?'

'Can't one sigh without being called upon for an explanation?'

'I thought that perhaps you were sighing because you had lost the chance of marrying Mr Dempsey.'

'You are a great goose, and you thought nothing of the kind. Besides, Mr Clever, if I wanted to marry Mr Dempsey, what is there to hinder me from jilting you?'

'Nothing.'

'Then behave yourself properly.—I see Mr Dempsey coming this way. O dear! what shall I say to him?'

Frank sprang to his feet. 'So long as I am here, the old gentleman will hardly venture on his confession.'

'But I don't want you here; I want you to go away.'

'You do, do you?' said Frank, opening wide his eyes.

'Of course I do. I shall probably never have another offer of marriage as long as I live.'

'And you do not want to miss this one?'

'Of course I don't. What girl would?'

'In that case I will say *au revoir*.'

'You will not be long away?'

'Not more than half an hour.'

'Not so long as that! I shall put Mr Dempsey out of his misery very quickly.'

Frank laughed and nodded, and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Elma resumed her seat and her embroidery.

Mr Dempsey, picking his way carefully, and wearing his hat a little more on one side than usual, came slowly forward. His eyesight was defective, and he had not seen Frobisher. He took off his hat with an elaborate flourish. Elma looked up with a heightened colour, but with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

'I am fortunate in finding you alone, Miss Deene,' said the elderly beau with a smirk.

'Why fortunate, Mr Dempsey?'

'Because I have something to say to you that concerns ourselves alone.'

'A secret! That will be delightful. Go on, please.'

'Miss Deene, I am a plain man.'

'Hum—well—you ought to know best, perhaps.'

'A plain-spoken man, Miss Deene. I cannot indulge in any of those sentimental rhapsodies, proper enough at twenty, I daresay, but which are slightly ridiculous at—hum—at fifty. I must come to the point at once. I respect you—I admire you—I love you, if you will allow me to say so; and I am here to ask you to become my wife.'

'O Mr Dempsey!'

'I am not a poor man. A liberal allowance would be yours. You would have a handsome

settlement, diamonds, your own carriage, every comfort, in fact. Such an offer is not to be had every day. What say you, Miss Deene, what say you?

'I say with you, Mr Dempsey, that such an offer is not to be had every day. Were I a leopard, or an owl, or a bear, I would say Yes to it; but being only a woman, I must say No.'

'I should do my best to make you happy.'

'I do not doubt that, as you do your best to make your birds and animals happy; you keep them warm, and you feed them well, but—you shut them up in cages. Now, I don't want to be shut up in a cage, even though it were a gilded one.'

'You are frankness itself, Miss Deene; but I hope I am not to take this decision as a final one?'

'I certainly wish you to look upon it as such.'

'Well, well. I ought to have been in the field a couple of years ago. Young ladies of twenty nowadays can generally plead the excuse of a prior attachment.'

'A prior attachment, Mr Dempsey! Why, I had been the victim of half-a-dozen prior attachments before I was sixteen.'

'Eh?'

'When I was six years old, there was a little boy with curly hair whom I absolutely adored. He wore red shoes, and I think that was the reason why I loved him. He must be grown up by this time. I wonder whether he wears red shoes now. Then, when I was at school, I thought my dancing-master the most delightful of men. He was a Frenchman, and very bald, and oh! so fat; but I loved him. He spoke the most charming broken English, and I fancy that was the reason why I was so fond of him. These are touching reminiscences, Mr Dempsey.'

'To you, doubtless, Miss Deene,' answered the old beau stiffly. 'I leave you a sadder, if not a wiser man.'

'And I have been doing my best to amuse you! O dear!'

'Is there absolutely no hope?'

'Absolutely none.'

Mr Dempsey lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. Miss Deene rose and dropped an elaborate courtesy.

Mr Dempsey turned to go, but had not proceeded half-a-dozen yards before he came to a stand.

'Miss Deene!'

'Yes, Mr Dempsey.'

'I have some good news for you. I had a telegram this morning, and the pelican is better—much better.'

'I'm so very glad to hear it.'

'He can now take his usual allowance of fish for breakfast.'

'How nice! I should like his photograph. I am particularly fond of pelicans.'

'No, really? You shall have a photograph next week without fail. *Au revoir, au revoir.*'

'An offer of marriage, even from a Dempsey, is calculated to flutter one's nerves a little,' said Elma to herself. 'Crewel-work seems very tame after it. I wonder what Clunie would say if she knew. She would say I was a fool for refusing him, and she would believe it too.'

Frobisher, when he left Miss Deene, took the first footpath through the trees that presented itself, without caring whither it might lead him, his thoughts being far away. He had gone no great distance, when a sudden turn brought him face to face with Mr Pebworth, who had discreetly lingered behind Mr Dempsey, being probably quite aware what object that gentleman had in view in seeking a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Deene.

'Ah, my dear Mr Richard, a word with you, if you please,' he said with a sickly smile, the moment his eyes fell on Frobisher.

'A hundred, if you wish it, Mr Pebworth.'

Mr Pebworth laid a hand on Frobisher's arm, and then glanced suspiciously round. 'Any news of the second will yet?' he whispered.

'Not yet, Mr Pebworth. But I am busy, very busy, going through Mr Askew's papers; and I should not be surprised in the least—not in the least, Mr Pebworth, I assure you—if I were to come across some such document before the present week is over.'

The two men looked meaningly at each other for a moment, and then Mr Pebworth's eyes fell. He was wondering what he should say next, when Frank spoke.

'I am right in assuming that Miss Deene's fortune is eight thousand pounds?'

'That is the amount to a penny—dependent entirely on my consent to her marriage.'

'Precisely so. That is clearly understood.'

Another pause, then Pebworth said: 'I am going in search of a sherry and seltzer. Will you not go back and join me?'

'Thanks—no. They tell me there is a charming view from the high ground over yonder. I am going in search of it.'

'Then you will probably meet my daughter and Captain Dyson. They went that way half an hour ago.'

'Richard Drummond, I hate you as I never hated a man before,' was Mr Pebworth's unspoken thought as the two men turned their backs on each other and went each his own way. But presently his musings assumed a more roseate hue. 'With two thousand a year derivable from landed property, what may I not aspire to?' he muttered to himself. 'And the method of obtaining the prize so safe and simple! Before I'm ten years older, the two thousand a year will have more than doubled itself, unless I'm a greater ass than I believe myself to be. And then, why not a seat in the House? I must begin to define my political principles more clearly. At present, I hardly know whether I am a Liberal-Conservative, or a Conservative-Liberal, or both.'

#### TO THE STAGE-STRUCK.

I LIKE sometimes to take a retrospective view of the past, to think of bygone scenes and places, to glance over the notes in my commonplace-book, to dwell on the memory of old friends, and read their thoughts. The other day I came across an old family correspondence which I had carefully preserved. It carried me back to twenty-five years ago, and I could not help contrasting my present feelings with those which actuated me at that time.

The  
some  
induce  
counte  
their  
gratify  
letter  
uncle

'I  
He w  
and  
respect  
the  
him  
the  
appoint  
not  
neces  
came  
nomi  
My  
exam  
a cl  
year  
eigh  
very  
pati  
you  
cour

T  
lett  
a f  
in  
ing  
Dra  
from  
asc  
he  
he  
tho  
pro  
he  
let  
I

du  
to  
m  
tic  
co  
or  
da  
p  
h  
si  
th  
o  
c  
c  
t  
s  
c  
t  
a  
f

The following extracts may be applicable to some young friends just entering life, and may induce them to think twice before they run counter to the wishes of their relatives, or hazard their future prospects in order that they may gratify present desires. The following is a letter which my mother wrote to my late uncle regarding me :

'I am somewhat perplexed as to Harry's future. He was anxious to follow his father's profession, and wished to prepare himself for Woolwich, especially as his companion Murray, who joined the Military Academy there last year, assured him that he would have no difficulty in passing the requisite examination. He felt bitterly disappointed when I explained to him that I had not sufficient means to enable me to meet the necessary expense; but happily an old friend came to my rescue, and procured for him a nomination in a highly respectable public office. My friend tells me that Harry passed an excellent examination, and was immediately appointed to a clerkship at a salary of a hundred pounds a year. He has been in this situation for the last eighteen months, but, I am sorry to say, is getting very unsettled, and dissatisfied with his occupation and prospects. I have told him to consult you, and I feel sure that you will give him wise counsel.'

This communication prepared my uncle for a letter from the youth himself, which he received a few days afterwards. The young fellow wrote in a somewhat jaunty and flippant style, informing him that he intended joining an Amateur Dramatic Club and taking lessons in elocution from some actor, hoping by such means to ascertain whether he was likely to succeed if he adopted the stage as a profession. Should he meet with encouragement from his tutor, he thought of relinquishing his present position and prospects and of becoming an actor. 'Will you,' he wrote, 'look at the matter impartially, and let me know what view you take of the plan I purpose adopting?'

Now, probably one of the most responsible duties of a parent or guardian is to offer advice to a youth, the adoption or rejection of which must necessarily affect not only his present position, but his future career.

Feeling, wrote my uncle, that an inexperienced country-bred lad on his first visit to London, or any other great city, would naturally be dazzled by the various temptations he encountered—amongst which dramatic entertainments would probably be the most attractive—I could not help making charitable allowance for the enthusiasm of a youth gazing with rapturous envy at the artist whose finished representation—perhaps of some sublime creation of the poet—struck a chord which vibrated in every breast of that crowded audience of which he formed one. I could picture him listening with breathless attention to the impassioned language which so persuasively appeals to all the feelings and emotions of the human heart, and joining in according the demonstrative meed of well-merited applause, and becoming fired with the ambition to win for himself similar renown.

He little dreams of the long and severe course of study which has been undergone for even

genius to attain such a position; nor does he realise the difficulties which have been overcome. He only sees and admires the finished picture, that great art which conceals art, deceiving himself into the belief that his capabilities are equal to his admiration. But he wants to know my views, and I must give them. It is far better to write frankly to him myself, than allow him to learn my opinions from a third person.—Having arrived at this resolution, my uncle wrote to the youth as follows :

'In answer to your request for advice, I must say that under ordinary circumstances I should simply decline offering any opinion, because experience has taught me that it is only gratifying the curiosity of an individual to give an opinion on a subject upon which he has already made up his mind; and I hold it to be the reverse of complimentary to ask any man to take the trouble of so thoroughly considering a subject that he may give advice upon it, if such advice is not to be followed. In making an exception in your favour, I do so because you have no father living to guide you at this critical period of your life, and I feel it a duty to the love I have for your father's memory, to endeavour, for his sake, to now advise with you; do not therefore, think me discourteous or unkind if I write plainly.

'The course you have "mapped out for yourself," to use your own term, will, in my opinion, lead to misery and failure. Although some members of your family and some of your old friends may always acknowledge you, you will, by your own act, so entirely remove yourself from their circles, form such new ties, and move amidst people with many of whom they can have no sympathy, that you will practically wean yourself from their influence. They and you will have little in common. Your friends will probably be distasteful to them; theirs, not attractive to you. You will be committing a kind of moral suicide, which your friends will mournfully deplore.

'I am well aware of the sanguine nature of youth, and can comprehend that you believe yourself to be actuated by an enthusiastic love of art, and, deluded by Hope, fancy that you may command success and develop into a dramatic artist of celebrity. Of the thousands who indulge in such aspirations, how many realise them?

'Does your ambition satisfy itself with the idea of becoming an ordinary comedian? I can scarcely think so. Do you, then, aspire to become an artist of world-wide reputation? If so, have you realised the immense amount of hard work and very severe study you *must* undergo to attain your object? or how, in the earlier stages of your career, you will have,

With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,

to seek the patronage of some theatrical manager, in order to get an engagement on some provincial stage, and be contented with some few shillings a week to enable you to support existence, and continue those studies so absolutely essential if you desire to succeed in the calling? Have you thought of the jealousies existing amongst those whom you would have to contend with for engagements? and—metaphorically speaking—the dirt

that you would have to eat, this critic to be propitiated, that manager to be conciliated, those actors to become popular with?

'You may say that genius rises superior to these obstacles, and regards them as incentives rather than impediments to success. Very true; and I believe that a man who happens to be endowed with great genius, superior ability, and mental culture, and possessed of an income sufficient to enable him to live decently while he is passing through the three or more years of his novitiate, might—assuming that he had a strong predilection for the stage—develop into an actor of great reputation, especially if he had a strong physique, high spirits, undaunted courage, and great self-confidence. Such a one might indeed become great in his art, or indeed in any calling he selected. But have you these qualifications? I think not. You have fair average abilities, but are certainly not well read in general knowledge. Except the salary you earn, you have no income. You have not a strong physique, natural flow of animal spirits, or self-reliance. On the contrary, your constitution is not strong; you are naturally of a retiring disposition; and so far from being self-reliant and confident, you are particularly sensitive and thin-skinned. These constitutional characteristics, in my opinion, indicate that you do not possess the qualifications requisite to insure success in such a calling.

'That you might overcome what is known as "stage shyness," and be able to eke out a livelihood somehow, I doubt not; but would this satisfy you? If it would, I cannot sympathise with your tastes. Having once taken to the stage, should you become dissatisfied with your progress and prospects, what opening could you look forward to? You would have lost so much time, and thrown overboard whatever interest you have, in such a manner that you could not hope to turn your attention to any other occupation, and must perforce remain in the position of a second-rate actor.

'Now, let us analyse this desire to go upon the stage. What does it betoken? A love of approbation, a vain-glorious desire for notoriety—in a word, vanity—a vanity which requires applause for sustenance, and which withers under the faintest smile of ridicule. Could you stand the latter? Would you be able to laugh it off? Would it not rather render you morose, chagrined, and disheartened, and make you consider yourself a martyr to the love of art, and a victim of prejudice?

'You seem to have fostered but one idea, its object being to gratify a morbid vanity in the shape of an intense love of approbation. Take care that such weakness does not so increase in growth as to become a species of monomania.

'I would warn you against being influenced by mere self-gratification. You must remember that "life is real, life is earnest," and that each man should be influenced by a sense of Duty. Having been placed in a good position, with opportunities of advancing yourself by your own industry, is it not your duty, as it should be your pride and pleasure, to endeavour to repay in some measure the deep debt of gratitude you owe to that loving and widowed mother who has devoted herself with

so much affection and self-denial to promote your welfare and happiness? to strive to render her future happy, and as the eldest son, to set an example to your younger brothers? Will you be fulfilling these duties by giving up your present occupation and prospects, regardless of any consideration for the feelings of those who have so great a claim upon you?

'You have now a fair start in life, and can by ordinary diligence materially improve your position, and qualify yourself for other and more remunerative appointments. You have also an opportunity of cultivating your literary and artistic tastes, and of turning such accomplishments to good account. By adopting such a course, you would insure the love and affection of your home circle, and retain the respect and confidence of all your friends and relations—thus gaining a far more solid reward than the vociferous plaudits of the most sympathising audience; for in all the troubles and disappointments you might meet with in life, you would be comforted by an approving conscience, and sustained by a feeling of self-respect.'

Such an answer to the youth's query was as unwelcome as it was disappointing to him, and for some months longer he remained unsettled in his mind, wavering between inclination and duty. His better nature at length prevailed, and he at last manfully determined to follow the advice of his friends. He soon became as cheerful and contented with his position, as he had before been dissatisfied. He rapidly mastered all the technicalities of his business, and devoting some hours each day to study, he found himself gradually but surely ascending the steep path which led to success.

He is now a middle-aged gentleman, possessing a fair competence, and but for an occasional twinge of gout, enjoys excellent health. It forms a pleasing picture to see him surrounded by his wife and family, who all vie with one another in their care of and attention to his dear old mother, who lives with him; and when his younger brothers come to pay him a visit, as they often do, he sometimes alludes to his youthful aspirations, and speaks with gratitude of those who dissuaded him from risking what might have turned out to be a disastrous failure.

But he has not altogether lost his love of the drama. Occasionally, a strolling company of actors announce their arrival in the neighbouring town, and so regularly does he patronise such performances, that the bookseller always reserves certain seats for him and his party. He not unfrequently pays a visit to a brother, who resides in London, who very considerably proposes dining at six o'clock, and going to the theatre afterwards, a suggestion he is only too delighted to fall in with.

I have known him on more than one occasion smile at the efforts of some poor actor, whom he confesses he once thought a genius to be envied and admired. Now he whispers to his brother: 'Charlie, I no longer envy him, or think him a hero; but I feel for the disappointments he and many others must have suffered, and rejoice that I can afford to give an annual subscription to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.'

How very many lads there are who have tastes



similar to those this young man once fondly indulged in! If any such should happen to read these lines, it may interest them to know that the writer is not too old to sympathise with the aspirations of youth, or to make every charitable allowance for its weaknesses. They will the more readily believe this, when he assures them that he has been giving them a rough sketch of his own life, and that he has lived long enough to appreciate the wise counsels of wisdom and experience.

## MELITA, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

### I.

TOWARDS the close of a sultry summer day, a young Scotchman alighted from a travelling-carriage at a small inn in the village of Monterosa, in Italy. In reply to the obsequious landlord, with whom guests of the *milord* class were 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' he announced his intention of remaining for a couple of days, desired to be shown to his room, and ordered coffee to be served in the parlour. In a few minutes he descended to the public-room of the inn, and with much relish sipped the cup of refreshing coffee which the landlord had brought in; and declining the cigars proffered by the latter, proceeded to fill and light a favourite meerschaum, and blowing clouds of fragrant smoke towards the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brown-study.

The traveller, whose name was Frank Melville, was about twenty-eight years of age, and a good specimen of manly beauty. Exactly six feet 'in his stockings,' his figure was so well proportioned that you did not give him credit for more than the average height. His short, curly, light-brown hair fitly framed a countenance ruddy with health and sparkling with good-humour; while the deep blue eyes shone with intelligence. He was an artist, and had seized the first opportunity to put into execution a long-cherished intention of making a tour in Italy; and the desire of beholding fresh scenes had induced him to turn aside considerably from the well-beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

He had hitherto experienced great pleasure in his tour. But nevertheless, when the shades of evening began to fall, he generally felt somewhat solitary, and longed for some companion with whom to compare notes and exchange ideas. On the particular evening on which our story opens, he felt more than usually restless and low-spirited. A craving for some excitement took possession of him. But in the quiet, secluded village of Monterosa, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to him of passing the time, he decided to try a stroll. The narrow, irregular street of the village was almost deserted; nothing was to be seen except some children playing in the sand, and geese walking in long procession, cackling as they went.

Striding rapidly onward, Melville soon came to the outskirts of the village, and plunged into the adjoining forest. The luxuriant leafage of the stately trees, which were in the full vigour of their growth, naturally obtained his chief admiration. The air was scented with the odour of fresh resin and mosses; while a perfect stillness, as of a sanctuary, prevailed, more fitted, however, to increase his depression, than to afford him the mental stimulus for which he craved. He had walked at a smart pace for some thirty minutes, when the sudden sinking of the sun and the deepening twilight warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. Turning back, he was soon conscious that he had lost his way, and began to lament his imprudence in venturing so far into an unknown and apparently trackless forest without having taken some bearings by which to shape his course.

Just as he was beginning to resign himself to a night under the trees, he discerned the smoke of a fire at no great distance, and heard in the still evening air the notes of a violin. A walk of a few minutes brought him to the scene. In the shelter of the walls of an old ruined castle were seated some twenty or thirty gipsies, grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude round the customary triangle, from which hung a large pot over a wood-fire. The men wore red waistcoats, ornamented with large silver buttons, which glittered in the firelight; the women—at least the younger ones—scarlet bodices and chemisettes trimmed with gold embroidery, and round their necks rows of glass beads. A few withered old crones, yellow and toothless, who served as foils to their younger companions, completed the band. As the fire gleamed and flashed on the picturesque group, so bright with colour, Melville longed for the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*, that he might preserve the scene for ever on canvas.

The gipsy who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repast. Melville accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. From boyhood, the Zingari, their origin, strange customs, and wanderings, had been a favourite subject of study with him. He had read many of the books describing these wonderful people, Borrow's *Zincali* among the rest; and was familiar with a considerable portion of the vocabulary of the Italian gipsies; indeed, the manners and habits of this roving race had always possessed for him a peculiar and fascinating interest.

In a few minutes Frank was discussing a portion of a hedgehog, which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit over a quick fire.

'Where is Melita?' exclaimed the violin-player, whose name was Orlando. 'What has become of her?'

Our tourist was in the act of raising a cup of some very good Sicilian wine to his lips, when his look fell upon a vision of feminine beauty such as he had never before seen in all his travels. Through the opening of a tent came a young girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age. Slightly above the middle height, her slender supple figure moved across the grassy carpet with bewitching grace. Large oriental eyes, full of liquid lustre, softly gleamed from beneath eyebrows black as night. The features were perfect in their contour. The finely chiselled nose, the lips 'like Cupid's bow,' the softly rounded chin, might have served as models to a modern Phidias. The abundant hair was of a lighter tint than the eyebrows, and of a rich warm brown. The complexion was also somewhat lighter in colour than the ordinary gipsy type, but still sufficiently dark to show that she came of Bohemian stock.

Gallantly springing to his feet, and extending his hand, Melville offered to conduct her to a place at the evening meal, with an air as respectful as if he had been accosting an English duchess. But the gipsy girl refused the proffered hand, and seating herself by the side of her brother, gazed with some little curiosity at the stranger guest, and declined to partake of the repast.

Supper over, the artist shared the contents of his large pouch with his hosts—there is no surer passport to the heart of a gipsy than to make him a present of tobacco—and then listened with unalloyed pleasure to the musical efforts of Orlando on the violin; at the same time that he observed the effect of the weird instrumentation on the eloquent features of the Bohemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the varying emotions of the player.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that the lovely Melita in her national costume would form an admirable subject for a water-colour sketch. Turning to Orlando, he inquired if he might come on the following morning to the camp and take a sketch of his sister. Melita overheard the whispered request, and her dusky cheek for a moment deepened with gratified vanity as she smilingly assented to the inquiring glance of her brother. When about to depart, Frank heard with some surprise that he was only a couple of miles from Monterosa, so confused had been his attempts to find his way through the labyrinth of trees. Orlando volunteered to conduct him to the outskirts of the wood; and, accepting the offer, he bade adieu to the lovely Melita. During Orlando's brief escort, Melville spoke little, for before his mind's eye was the eloquent glance of the gipsy girl. Even during the fitful watches of the night and in his disturbed dreams, Melita's face appeared again and again; and it was with unrefreshed sensations that the artist beheld the morning sun shining through the windows of the inn.

## II.

'This is your last sitting, Melita.' It was on the morning of the seventh day after Frank Melville had first met the Zingari that these words were spoken. The young Scotchman was putting the finishing touches to a large water-colour drawing

representing Melita as a gipsy queen. The progress of the work had been watched by the tribe with mingled feelings of wonder and delight; and the girl's dark eyes had shone with pleasure and pride as she looked upon the life-like portrayal of her wondrous beauty.

The knowledge which the young artist possessed of gipsy manners and customs had placed him on a special footing with Melita and the other members of the band, so that they almost regarded him as one of themselves, and referred to matters in his presence which they would have carefully shunned in the case of any other 'house-dweller.' Melita would sometimes speak of the pleasures of her nomadic life; its liberty and freedom from care, its health-giving character, its opportunity for the study of the changing seasons, the animals and birds abounding in the fields and woods; on which occasion Frank would feel his pulse beat faster, until he almost yearned to resign the feverish and tumultuous life of cities, and, casting in his lot with those who dwell in tents, never more return to the walks of ordinary life.

In reply to his observation that this was her last sitting, the Zingari cast down her eyes, and murmured: 'I am very sorry.'

'Sorry, Melita! I can assure you that, as a general rule, the last sitting is always a day of rejoicing—at least to the sitter.'

'But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?'

He was not certain, but he rather fancied that he saw a pearly tear as she spoke these words. 'Well,' he answered, 'my stay here is coming to an end, I must admit; but I can afford a few more days. Come, let us have a stroll.' Slowly the pair walked in the direction of a running stream near the gipsy encampment. 'Melita, I must make you some return for your good-nature in sitting to me. What shall I give you?'

The girl's dark eyes flashed indignantly as she raised them to those of the speaker, and Melville beheld an expression on those lovely features which he had never seen before—an expression which warned him to beware of the passionate Italian blood which coursed in the gipsy's veins. He therefore hastened to explain.

'Not money, Melita; I do not mean that—of course not. But what is there that you would like to have for your picture?'

Melita grasped both his hands within her soft warm palms, and looking fixedly at him, whispered: 'Give me *your* picture, in return for mine. Then, when you are far away beyond the sea in your own country, that will remind me of these happy days and of the stranger who was so kind to me.'

'I am glad that I can comply with your request at once,' Melville answered; 'but I wish that you had chosen something else. I am afraid my photograph is a poor recompense for all your patience and kindness in sitting to me. See, I have some with me in my pocket-book.' With these words, Frank took a carte from the book and handed it to her.

Melita gazed earnestly several moments at the young Scotchman's handsome lineaments—it was a capital likeness—and as she did so, her cheek became pale, and the hand which held the picture

trembled visibly. Then placing the picture in her bosom, the Bohemian murmured: 'It shall never leave my heart!' Adding, after a pause: 'Come; let us return to the camp.'

Retracing their steps, they walked on for some moments in silence. Melville was by no means a vain man, but of course he was not ignorant of the fact that he was handsome. An unpleasant suspicion crossed his mind. 'Can it be,' he asked himself, 'that this young girl has fallen in love with me?' Then, as he remembered her warm sensuous nature and the violence of her passions, he shuddered. But on the other hand, he had only known her seven days. However, he decided that it would be best for him to depart at once, before any tender impression he had unwittingly made should sink too deeply for her peace of mind.

Melita was the first to break the silence. 'Do you know why I asked you to return to the camp?' Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: 'I felt that I could not remain in safety near the water.'

'In safety near the water! What in the world do you mean?' was her companion's astonished exclamation.

Smiling sadly, Melita answered: 'Have you never felt an almost uncontrollable impulse—an impulse you could not account for—to do some rash act—to throw yourself from some dizzy height, or plunge into some rapid stream, and thus end at once and for ever all the cares and sorrows of life?'

'My youthful Melita,' he said, 'can scarcely have had troubles sufficient to cause her to seek relief from them in a sudden and violent death.'

Again, the Zingari shook her head sadly. 'I know not,' she said. 'But had I been alone just now, I should have sought death in that running stream.' Then, observing her companion's anxious look, a bright smile irradiated her expressive features as she said: 'But do not be concerned; that moment is past.'

'For ever, I trust?' Melville gravely asked.

'Yes, for ever!'

They had now arrived at the camp. The startling confession to which he had listened during the last few minutes had strengthened Melville's resolve to leave the place without delay, before further unpleasant incidents occurred. He would return to the inn in the village, and despatch a hasty note to Melita, saying that he was unexpectedly compelled to leave immediately for Bologna. In this way he hoped to avoid the awkwardness of a personal farewell.

Although he felt that such conduct might be termed shabby after the hospitality he had received from the gipsies, and Melita's kindness and good-nature in sitting by the hour as the model for his picture, he felt also that anything was better than a scene. It was both an act of kindness and a duty to nip in the bud an attachment he could not return. The first thing to be done, however, was to get possession of the picture. Turning to his companion, he said: 'Melita, I am going to remove the picture to the village to-day.'

A suspicious glance shot from her lustrous eyes. 'You are going away—I feel it! I shall never see you again!'

The artist laid his hand on hers, and as he did so he felt the hand he held tremble. An irresistible temptation seized him, and he kissed her. He felt that he was taking a long—an everlasting farewell; and thus they parted, without another word being spoken between them.

After he had proceeded some little distance, he turned and waved his hand to the girl, who still remained where he had left her, as motionless as a statue.

### III.

Frank Melville was a man of prompt action. Within an hour of his return to the inn, he had left the village of Monterosa, first despatching a brief note to Melita, telling her that urgent business called him away, and regretting the necessity for his sudden departure. He then took up his quarters at a small village about twenty miles from his former halting-place, and determined to remain there for a day or two, until he had decided on his future plans. He felt more depressed than he had thought possible, in consequence of parting from the charming Zingari. In vain did he endeavour by writing, reading, and sketching to banish her image from his thoughts. Wherever he went or whatever he did, the gipsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day after he had left Monterosa, he was seated in the little parlour of the village inn. He had hired two rooms, his bedroom being immediately behind the sitting-room, and both on the ground-floor. The landlord entered, and said a visitor wished to see him. While Frank was wondering who it could be, a step was heard in the passage, and a young gipsy brushed past the landlord and confronted his guest. It was Orlando! His swarthy countenance wore an expression of bitter vindictiveness.

Melville held out his hand, and uttered a welcome in gipsy-language. But Orlando took no notice of the outstretched hand or the young Scotchman's salutation. His left hand played nervously with a long bright knife which was stuck loosely in his belt. 'Where is Melita?'

The words were uttered in an intense whisper, the while his coal-black eyes, lurid with some hidden emotion, were fixed on Melville as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

'Melita! Is she not with you? I have not seen her since I left the camp.'

The gipsy paused. Then he asked: 'Is that the truth?'

Melville sprang to his feet, his face aflame with anger. 'If you were not Melita's brother, I would throw you out of the window!' was his passionate exclamation.

Again the gipsy paused, perfectly unmoved by the angry reply. He had never lifted his piercing eyes from Melville's face during the interview. Apparently satisfied, he now extended his hand, and said: 'I believe you.'

'But stay, Orlando,' Melville replied. 'Tell me, what has happened? Where is Melita?'

'I only know that she left the camp directly she received your letter.'

'And where are you going now?'

'To find her, if I can,' sullenly replied Orlando, as he strode rapidly from the room, leaving

Frank a prey to the most torturing suspense and anxiety. But this was not of long duration. As he sat by the window musing on the strangeness of the girl's sudden disappearance, the shadow of a human figure was projected upon the newspaper which lay unheeded at his feet. Looking up, he beheld Melita! Hastening to the door, he opened it, and led her into the room.

'Have you seen your brother Orlando?' he asked.

'Orlando here?' came in accents tremulous with fear from the girl's white lips, as she slowly sank into Melville's arms in a half-fainting condition. Speedily recovering herself, however, she darted an apprehensive glance towards the door, and said: 'If he finds me here, he will kill you!'

'Calm yourself—don't be alarmed, Melita; no harm shall happen.'

'Ah, you know not Orlando's nature! Forgive me for coming to you, but I longed so much to see you! I felt that I must see you, or die! You know you promised to come again to the camp.'

'I know I did, Melita; but I acted as I thought for the best. I wished to spare us both the pain of a parting.'

A faint, gratified smile broke over the wan features of the gipsy as Melville uttered the word 'both.'

'But you appear fatigued,' he continued. 'I fear you are ill. You can tell me another time—to-morrow—how you found me. Meantime, I will ring the bell for the servant; she will conduct you to a room where you can get some rest, of which you must be much in need. I have no fear of your brother. He is hardly likely to come again to the same place. He is doubtless miles away by this time, searching for you.'

The Zingari turned a pleading and timorous look on Melville. 'You are not angry with me? I did so wish to see you!' The next instant an almost angry flush spread over her beautiful face. 'Oh, why did you come to the camp? I was happy till you came!' A passionate flood of tears, the violence of which shook her slender figure like a wind-tossed willow, served somewhat to relieve her excited feelings. Then, as a deep blush suffused her face and neck, she exclaimed eagerly: 'Could I not go with you as your servant—your slave—anything rather than remain here? I dare not return to the tribe!'

Suddenly, as she spoke, her watchful ear detected the sound of cautious footsteps on the gravel-path beneath the window, and in another moment a man has entered the room.

It is Orlando! With a look of fiendish hate upon his grim and pallid visage, he dashes himself upon Melville, and the dagger which glitters in his right hand has come down with deadly effect—and in another moment the assassin is gone.

A piercing shriek rang through the house, and as the frightened inmates enter the chamber, they behold the lifeless body of the hapless gipsy girl in the arms of Melville. She had cast herself between her brother and his victim, and had received the fatal blow. Her last dying

gaze was fixed on the countenance of the man she had loved, and whom she died to save!

Frank Melville is now a prominent artist. He has never married, and is likely to remain a bachelor until the end. His adventure with the gipsies is engraven on his heart and mind in characters which death only can obliterate. The place of honour in his studio is occupied by a large picture, painted by himself, of a beautiful brunette of eighteen summers in the costume of a gipsy. When any one inquires as to the name and origin of the subject, he replies in a tone which discourages further questions: 'She was an Italian gipsy.'

#### A RAINY EVENING.

THE twilight shadows darkling fall:  
O memories dear! against thy thrall  
My heart strives all in vain.  
Yet wherefore strive against my mood?  
I cannot silence, if I would,  
The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve,  
Bright hopes, that yet I only grieve,  
Sprang up, to fade and wane.  
Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,  
Shall we within the doorway stand,  
And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour  
Returns, with all its wonted power  
Of mingled joy and pain,  
When, dropping down from window-eaves,  
Or gently falling on the leaves,  
I hear the summer rain.

O cruel Memory! thus to bring  
That glad brief hour, with bitter sting,  
Back to my heart again;  
Those parting words of fond regret;  
With glad pretext, love lingering yet,  
Unmindful of the rain.

Ah! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,  
The joy those fickle hopes impart;  
Grief follows in their train.  
Nay, nay, my heart; take upward wing.  
O cruel Memory! thy sting  
Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I trill;  
Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,  
Adds sweetness to the strain;  
As fragrant perfumes softly flow  
From hawthorn blossoms bending low,  
Beat down by wind and rain.

E. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.